

Troping the Asylum

large lighter, preparing to smoke his cigar. By now Divine Madness is leaning over his chair.

You may be grateful to me for the secret, as I am to you for all the kindness lavished on me by you, and for all the experiments made on my body both in life and supposed death.

By now Divine Madness is perched on an arm of Dr. Workman's chair, though he does not appear to notice, still thinking of lighting his cigar. Divine Madness reaches over to the table, and takes a cigarette.

I do not kiss your hand, fearing that I might thus infect you with a little of my own --

Dr. Workman flicks his lighter. A large flame.

Whimsicality!

Dr. Workman proceeds to light his cigar, keeping the flame very still.

But I make you a low courtesy.

Divine Madness stoops just a little, to light her cigarette from Dr. Workman's flame.